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In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and all that therein is, and resteth on the seventh day. and is resting now, and will awaken soon, that he may behold in the dawning of the new day all that he has made, and this day and hour is already set and we the living are living in darkness, but will arise, with the LORD, at the dawn of that great day.

THE POETS SERMON IN VERSE.

**THE BEGINING OF THE
End of the WORLD
Is Here.**

**FROM A MIND OF MYSTERY
Food for your starving brain**

**The only SERMON IN VERSE in
existence, and delivered in person
by the Poet and Author**

MR. ROBERT A. HUEBNER

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THE POET'S SERMON IN VERSE

THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE WORLD IS HERE

THE REREVELATIONS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST AS DIRECTED TO ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS AND NOT THEORY BY ROBERT A. HUEBNER

INTRODUCTION:

Now my dearly beloved people I am as you can plainly see me only a human being like unto yourself, and it is my desire to say that I am here for a good purpose only, and CREED, COLOR or CALLING, cuts no figure with me, as I say; let all mankind have a chance to listen to the good words spoken, and all MANKIND certainly is entirely WELCOME to the KNOWLEDGE that I impart to you all.

Befitting as it may be, it is with much pleasure I assure you that I have accepted this opportunity to deliver to you, and who in return, I expect will appreciate the delicate, yet forceful manner in which I expound this, my SERMON IN VERSE.

Speaking as I do previous to my reading it, it is well for me to say that it comes from a mind of MYSTERY, and that the Hidden Power which enlightens me comes from where I know not.

Yes this most wonderful work it may prove beyond your realization to understand how I compiled it, yes, it is beyond your realization to those who are not versed in the Art of Poetry, to imagine the amount of time and labor it took to compile this the only SERMON IN VERSE in existence, therefore let JEW and GENTILE gather together under one roof, or in one great body, and give your unbiased attention to what will be heard by you, that we are at the present time living in the beginning of the end of this great world, after which you will appreciate the invitation to you, to have had that privilege to hear the only Sermon in Verse expounded to you by the Poet and Author, and that the knowledge you obtained, will ever be Food for your Starving Mind, the same as food for your bodies.

Well you may be proud to say that you here assembled, have for the very first time in your very existence, ever given your personal attention to hear me the Author and Writer of this my Sermon in Verse, and I will say that after many years of Solemn prayer, the privilege has been granted to me by my Creator, JEHOVA, to fill my long felt desire to be called upon to exemplify to the people; the Revelations of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Wisdom that cometh from above, is First Pure, knowledge we can not impart without this, for as the body without the SPIRIT is dead, so FAITH without the work is dead also.

Every good gift, and every Perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow or turning.

There is, but one Lawgiver, who only is able to save or destroy who are you that can judge another, why am I here, am I not here for a good and Pure Purpose, to EXEMPLIFY, yes and to impart KNOWLEDGE.

Let us be of one mind, having compassion one of another, LOVE, be PITIFUL, be COURTEOUS.

When I suffered I threatened not, but committed myself to him who Judgeth RIGHTEOUSLY. Yes, as I am one in the World, but not of the World, this has been clearly proven to me, yes to my entire satisfaction and I hereby acknowledge this the PURE TRUTH.

In six days the Lord made Heaven and Earth, and all therein, and on the seventh day he does rest, and is resting now, and will awaken soon, and behold in the Dawning of that New Day all that he has done.

And this day and hour is already set, and we the living are living in darkness, and we will rise as does the Lord at the dawn of that Great Day, And let me say, as the Lord Spake by the mouth of the PHOPHETS of old, so the Lord can speak to his people by the mouth of the TRUE POET of today.

My Dear People, ever remember that I am not here as a SAVIOUR of men, Oh, No, I can not save you, but you are the one that can save yourself, I could REVEAL to you much, that no other man will or can, but if attempted to do this, I would take up to much time, and possibly get away from the principal subject, which is of more interest to you for your future. I dare say that I have had many arguments pro and con but I have failed to find the one who can contridict my Sermon in Verve, and prove it to be untrue.

Another thing I wish you to understand, that it is utterly impossible, that I can be a DREAMER, as I can not write these verses in my dreams, for in this state of mind, we know nothing.

And last but not least, that I ever wish you to retain to your memory, that I am one who believes in LIVE and LET LIVE, and that I give CHARITY to the NEEDY more than any man that liveth can give, therefore I ask you to contribute YOUR MITE, that I may continue in this good work, to let all MANKIND in the MOST REMOTE CORNERS OF THE EARTH know that we are now living in the BEGINNING OF THE END OF THIS GREAT WORLD OF OURS, which is passing away in great confusion day by day.

Remember you well at this moment what I speak to you, that it is my honest belief, that soon after the entrance of the year 1925, the bringing forth of children will soon come to an end, for when 20,736,000,000 people are on this earth, the earth will be quite full, there are only about 1,500,000,000 people on this earth today.

Let me tell you the way to read the Bible, and let you understand from it, take the 23, and 24, chapters of Mathew, and therein you will find much, but you must remember that you must give and take, and more than this you must read between the lines as there are Hidden the MYSTERIES of the BIBLE.

In speaking at this moment, as I do, I wish to call to your attention, the fact of a composition in which I displayed KNOWLEDGE to its grandest extent, Shrouded in MYSTERY is the MIND of the POET as if in a dream, an object comes to his view, objects seen in the Heavens have a meaning, and to the POET nature provided that insight, that is not commonly possessed by the average man.

Reading the lines, Reading between the lines, and reversing the lines, are a very deep study, and this gift of nature that comes from above, the POET only understands, and is never REVEALED by him to the satisfaction of the average man.

In the month of MARCH, 1918, I predicted the VICTORY of the American Forces, in this great WORLD WAR, which there is proof of in the Copyright Office when I Copyrighted my Poem MY STAR OF VICTORY. In the same month I predicted that the last shot would be fired on my Mother's Birthday which was on the same day as gave Birth to the Great German Poet SCHILLER, the TENTH day of NOVEMBER, and was it not that it was proclaimed to the world that the last shot was fired on that day, and we received the news on the next morning early.

Now you living peoples put you on your thinking caps, and begin to look the situation square in the face, and make up your minds that what I say, comes from POWERS greater than this poor little insignificant I, the Poet, do possess, and what object have I in view but to tell to you the TRUTH only, so as you may PREPARE yourself for what is to come.

VENGEANCE belongs to the Lord God Almighty, and he has shown himself, how long shall the wicked TRIUMPH, how long shall you speak hard, understand you fool when will you get wise; who teacheth you KNOWLEDGE where does he get it from.

I forget not the cry of the humble, Consider my trouble that I suffered for you, come thou and lift me from the gates of DEATH, the wicked are snared by the works of their own hands, the needy shall not be forgotten, expectation of the poor shall not perish, ask for MERCY it will be granted, you have seen it MISCHIEF and SPITE.

I committed myself to you as a helper to the WIDOW, In the LORD I put my trust, GOD has heard the desire of the humble, you will prepare your heart, and cause your ears to hear me, they speak vanity. Every one with their neighbor, with flattering lips, But with a DOUBLE HEART do they speak to YOU.

I have trusted in your MERCY, my heart will rejoice in your salvation.

A soft answer turns away wrath, but grievous words stir anger, the tongue of the wise useth KNOWLEDGE, but the mouth of fools pour out foolishness, a word spoken in due season, OH HOW GOOD IT IS.

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, but he will ESTABLISH the border of the WIDOW. You despiseth your own soul, refusing instructions. If you are reprov'd you will get understanding.

The fear of the LORD is the instruction of WISDOM, and before HONOR comes HUMILITY.

He that handleth a matter wisely, shall find good, and who so trusteth in the LORD, happy is he.

BUY the TRUTH, and sell it not, also wisdom and instruction and understanding, speak not in the ears of a FOOL, for he will despise the wisdom of your words. Apply your heart to instructions, and your ears to the words of KNOWLEDGE.

PRUDENCE forsees evil, Hide yourself for the simple pass on and are punished.

The eyes of the LORD preserve KNOWLEDGE, and he overthroweth the TRANSGRESSOR.

Why do you eat HONEY, because it is good. The Honeycomb is sweet to the taste, so shall KNOWLEDGE and WISDOM be to the SOUL. When you have found it, then this is your reward, and your expectations, will never be cut off.

Now give me your attention, and believe me, for I speak only THE TRUTH TO YOU.

THE POETS SERMON IN VERSE

'Tis the work of the TRUE POET of
today,
To take his pen in hand;
And spread the news all over this
Earth,
That the living may understand:
Two false Messias did appear,
In times gone by 'tis true;
Astronomers sensations did create,
Amongst the living Yes, you.

With eager eyes look for the day,
Give attention with listening ears;
Then seek you MEEKNESS my advice
We now are in those years:
Of the beginning of the end
Of this Great World of ours;
Yes, in the twinkling of an eye,
A change in moments, and not in
hours.

Read you not the book of Laws,
It, you do not understand;
But, be ever in readiness This I say,
To you peoples of every land:
Think you not that in the flesh,
Your Messiah will appear;
These teachings are untrue, I know,
Believe me this and hear.

The people all over this earth will
REVOLT,
Every power will be overthrown;
Yes more than this I will reveal,
Because to me it is known:
Questions I'm not here to answer,
To the living of today;
But truth you'll find in all my writings
The Poet, I to you say.

Believe me I'm not a Fanatic,
On matters I speak of today,
'Tis but my MIND of MYSTERY;
Its contents to display:
To those of Knowledge Starving,
And thinking from year to year;
And asking each other this question,
Where do we go to from here.

Ah yes, to all I will explain,
If you are as i interested;
A Hidden Power proves to me,
With inspiration I'm invested
No secrets in my mind I'll keep,
But all I'll tell to you;
And as you journey through this life,
Be careful what you do.

I'm ut like a rain drop in the air,
Poor little insignificant I;
But yet my MIND of MYSTERY,
To prove to you I'll try:
Don't think Expansion of the Brain,
For Lucre that I write,
To Deceive the people of today.
I consider this not right.

I'm honest as the day is long,
Like the Sun for ail I shine;
All the knowledge I possess,
Is yours as well as mine:
Why in misery should I keep,
I oor you to live in FEAR,
In this CRUEL, CRUEL, wicked world
No, for this I a mnot here.

Let JEW and GENTILE cry aloud,
In the clouds our MESSIAH will
stand;
Before our very eyes we'll hear
All that he may command:
Then again from us he will depart,
Back to his Heavenly Home;
'There to Rein as our Mighty Judge,
Of the living and dead, yes, he
alone.

Don't think that I the outer man,
Produce this work today;
Without a Hidden Power within,
Not one word could I write or say:
As I start Revelations to you to
explain,
Cast everything else from your
mind;
It is possible all therein is TRUTH,
Yes and more than truth you'll find.

Of Revolutions I did speak,
Yet there is another trouble,
That is supposed to follow this,
Oh curse we this an awful bubble:
'Tis growing stronger, yes, every day,
We'd prevent it if we but could;
But ANARCHY will yet rule this
world,
Perhaps 'twill prove for the good.

Yes, remember the dead will lie in the
streets,
This shortly before the end;
The living will wish that they were
there,
This message to Heaven they do
send:
Their time has not yet come to die,
But suffering longer they will exist,
But impossible they find their prayers
not heeded
Because they're UNBELIEVERS,
Yes, this the reason why.

You've only a few years yet to tarry,
Bear you this well in mind;
For the Thousand Year of the
Almighty,
Is almost upon us you'll find:
Are you ready to stand before the
Judgment Bench,
And there give Testimony, yes,
True;
Then if only little evils you've done,
Ah Mercy, will be shown to you.

All charges that may stand against
you,
We dare not pronounce one a lie,
For the second death stares us in the
face,
The hardest sentence thus delivered,
why:
To be honest, Plead Guilty, and ask
Mercy,
By your Judge considered 'twill be:
Because he shows Mercy to Sinners,
No matter if 'tis you or me.

Remember you there are not so many
classes,
That in which one you can't find;
Where your name and failings will
apply:
Take heed and don't play your blind:
'Tis better that you now yourself
retire,
And consult your most deepest
thought,
First seek forgiveness, against those
now living,
Who you wronged, Remember this
News you I brought.

There's more than one place in the
book of Law;

That I can refer you to, yes, you;
Then you will learn how to seek the
rest,

The Father's Forgiveness, too true:
Ah, yes, this will bring you much
happiness,

While life with you does remain;
Then each night as you kneel at your
bedside,

You'll thank your GOD, yes, again
and again.

You may think that this story is
Fisby,

If so punishment will come to you:

Ah, yes, all the remainder of your days
In misery a burden you'll carry,
'tis true:

Throw off that Yoke that holds you
fast,

And seek new blessings prepared
for you;

Remember that I, with a Mind of
Mystery,

The Poet, told this to you, to do.

There's no doubt in my mind, that
unawares

You are, of conditions beautiful
awaiting you;

Yes, an explanation of all of these,

My duty it is, and duty I will do:

So that you may enjoy, the grandest
pleasures of life,

That we receive on every hand;

But don't forget, the pleasures of the
hereafter,

Prepare yourself, for they're far
more Grand.

The assurance I have, from a Hidden
Power,

From afar, yet, I know not where,
As this I am forbid to speak of.

And to speak of it I do not care:

So long as you, who are starving for
knowledge,

I'll impart it to you, yes today;

If, you'll only grasp it, and hold it.

And use it, to advantage, this the
Poet I say.

You'll find as I dwell on my subject,
It may bring pardon to you by and
by;
For something wrong, that you have
done,
That oft times makes you cry
Weep not, but wipe those tears away,
Consolation you I'll bring;
Yes Mercy, Your Father, he will grant
it,
Then in rest, you'll pay for sin

Remember you well now my remarks,
That Churchanity, yes I, am not
preaching;
For this is beyond my reasoning mind,
But Christeanity, yes, I am
teaching:
To those who may have a desire to
know,
That we, yes the Poor, the Masses;
Will receive the preference, or ever-
lasting life,
Against the Miserable, Hoarding
Classes.

'Tis by the sweat of our brow that
we must earn,
The Bread, yes, that we daily eat,
But when it comes to fighting for
admission,
To Kingdom Come, the classes we
will defeat:
There is but one question, answer it
you the rich,
Why the Wealth of the world you
do hoard;
And keep the poor in misery and
distress,
This is not the teachings of CHRIST
OUR LORD.

According to inspirations to me thus
given,
In 1925, the end of ANARCHY we
will see;
After that again the first from the
dead will arise,
Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, 'twill be;
All the Ancient Prophets from
Jerusalem
Next to arrise from the dead we'll
find;
Then from generation to generation
backwards,
In new bodies will come all Mankind.

Then Satan the Devil in Irons Bound,
For one thousand years, yes, to lay;
For causing all sickness, poverty,
misery and death.
Ove us, then he'll hold no more
sway:
Eveness of climate, not to hot or to
cold,
Mankind will enjoy, yes, living,
No more Trusts or Landlords to hold
down the Poor,
This information to you, I am
giving.

Everything, yes, in abundance will
grow,
In the Deserts forth: water will
spring;
Under Rule of RIGHTEOUSNESS,
there'll be no more Poor,
Evenly divided will be everything:
Every man will have his own home
then,
No more pains and no more sighing;
Becoming more perfect in body and
mind,
No more sickness, and no more
dying.

A real pleasure it will be for us to
live,
All over this Universe, Too True;
Millions are living today who'll never
se death,
Believe what I'm telling to you
Because with the New KING in
harmony they live,
You'll grow younger and more
perfect each day;
Under CHRIST the LORD these
blessings arrive,
I, the Poet to you do say.

Of that day and hour knoweth no man,
Coming upon the world as a thief in
the night;
But, the chosen ones shall not be
overtaken
In the darkness, I know this is
right:
I am in the world, but not of the
world,
My back turned towards sin for
ever,
Revealed in my Mind of Mystery I
know,
The Righteous will die no never.

This Earth will never be destroyed,
say I,
But passing away in confusion it is;
With great noises, and alarm and fire,
GOD will not destroy what's his:
If thus he could not give one pure
language,
To the living ones that here remain;
Which he speaks of in Mathew and
Zephania,
This to you is proven, yes again.

Itching ears desiring the praise of
men, (Churcheanity)
Instead of the approval of God on
High;
You will find that with my Mind of
Mystery,
True Christeanity to teach, this
I'll try:
Your soul throughout eternity cursed,
Blasphemy, upon our Creators
Character say I;
For these abominal teachings to us
they must,
In the second death be punished, and
die.

Know you not that to whom you yield
to day,
His servants you are also 'tis true;
But, get away from that confounded
theory, (Churcheanity)
This the Poet's advice to you:
By one man sin entered into this
world,
Oft' times this to you was told;
But, the death of CHRIST, redeemed
yes, one and all,
This knowledge yes, 'tis old.

A special opportunity extended to all
mankind,
Your living body as a sacrifice to
give;
Faithful unto death, a Crown of life.
Immortal and forever you live:
Remember by wisdom, the world
knows not GOD;
They of the world make you think
they are wise,
They could never approach the Poet,
No,
I've listened to, to many of their
lies.

'Tis true if wisdom and knowledge you
want,

'Tis written seek and you shall find;
Knock and it shall be opened unto you,
And expounded from a MYSTERI-
OUS MIND

I sought wisdom and knowledge in the
past,

From a Hidden Power it come too
true;

And thus inspired, not of my own
merit,

The Poet I, this tell to you.

Truth will cover the earth, as water
covers the Sea,

But, this can not be said of you
today;

Yet all tears will be wiped from off
all faces,

Sorrow and sighing, will flee away:
After the last vestage of troubles are
swept away,

With content and happiness I will
live too true,

May the Blessings of GOD be sent
from Heaven,

For these the Poet does pray for
you.

All mankind will awaken in the
Resurrection

Which proves to me, NOT DEAD,
but, only we sleep;

MARVEL not at this, the hour soon
at hand,

Are you prepared your Judge to
meet:

The Kingdom of Heaven soon fully
set up,

1925, Supposed to be about the year,
As near as the good book does tell us,
From now on, HARK, don't live in
fear.

As I forgive others, will you forgive
me,

If wrong you think, I done to you;
A blessing, yes, this would I consider,

No more wrongs, to you, I'd do:

As the next few years go rolling by,
MEEKNESS, LOWLINESS, for
these yes pray;

In the midst of the worst of troubles,
You and I may be Hidden away,

As we linger along through life's
journey,

Every path looks alike to us all;
Yes, but one, is the path of RIGHT-
OUSNESS,

If we enter it, we will not fall
Into wickedness, such is not with'n.

But, at the end, is the Heavenly
THRONE;

Where Weary, Wandering, you and I,
Should try to make our home.

Manifestations from GOD on HIGH,

They come to me every day;

Appeals from my heart thus rendered,

Each time that I kneel and pray:

Yes, answered at once, comes a
message,

From the Heavens above 'tis true;

GLORIFIED is my FATHER in
Heaven,

For that, which I'm teaching you.

In place of a Prophet, the same as of
old,

The assignment is made to me;

The POET with the Mind of Mystery
is,

To instruct the peoples, yes he;

That every thing is coming to pass,

As by CHRIST to us was told;

The beginning of the end of the World
is Here,

This to you all I must unfold.

Mourn and grieve not for death,

For those passed away only sleep;

And soon we will see them again,

Then why for them should we weep:

Let thoughts of happiness hold you,

There is no reasons why;

For those that sleep will awaken,

The Spirit does never die.

We know fond Mothers are thinking.

Of their Loved Ones taken away;

In the chamber of death they are
sleeping,

Believe me what I say:

Soon we will all awaken,

In the Dawn of that New Day;

Ah yes, 'tis fast approaching.

Take heed to what I say.

Revelations to me imparted,
KNOWLEDGE, for reasons why;
For those who seek for WISDOM,
To comfort them I'll try:
Weep no more with Sorrow,
But remember what I say;
We soon will see all loved ones,
Who sleep and passed away.

Don't hold me in reverence, no,
For what I tell to you;
Give Praise to Him in the Highest,
I ask that this you do:
For all that I am teaching,
To you, thus wandering blind,
A gift that you should Treasure,
From my Mysterious Mind.

I thank, yes my Creator,
Each day that passes by;
For Blessings He Bestows on me,
To do good, to all, I try:
Ah yes, I know, that a reward,
To the Friendless and Alone;
Will be a place in Heaven,
My Everlasting Home.

Turn each page of your life's book,
Note all the wrongs, committed by
you;
Then seek you for forgiveness, and
repent,
The Poet's advice, for you to do:
If you are earnest, and deserving,
your prayer,
Will be heard, by GOD, on high;
No more in misery, then, you'll live,
With sadness, and sorrow, you'll no
more cry.

In conclusion of this my Sermon in
Verse,
There are but two things lacking
today;
Yes, FAITH and LOVE towards all
mankind,
My MIND OF MYSTERY, prompts
me this to say:
Yes, 'tis right, you can't deny it, if
you try,
Be your own Questioner, your
answer, yes, RIGHT;
May Heaven teach you, this lesson to
retain,
Saving to you good night.

Heaven is a Mansion in a garden of
Love,
Where Angels dwell within its
golden walls;
And when a weary wanderer for
admission there appeals
The Angels then escort him to its
halls:
He enters in this Mansion in the
Heavens far above,
And is brought before the ever-
lasting Throne;
With welcome he is greeted and
remains for evermore,
In a Holy and a Righteous happy
home.

Heaven is a Mansion in a garden of
LOVE,
And when we journey upwards to
the skies;
The Angels there will guide us,
through the paths of Righteous-
ness
Where brightness always beams
before our eyes:
Ah mercy there is shown; to all who
come appealing,
Yes, before the everlasting throne
above,
In joyfulness our souls forever more
will be mingling,
In the Realm of purest happiness
and LOVE.

SERMON IN VERSE COMPLETED
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1920,
10.04 P. M.

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ROBERT A. HUEBNER.

THE POETS PRAYER FOR WOMAN,

Gentle Saviour, my Redeemer,
Who doth rule with GOD on High;
My appeals I send to Heaven,
The second Death dont let me Die:
Yes I know you will show Mercy,
Hear Oh hear me as I cry;
Nature handed down from EVA,
Woman she Was BORN TO LIE.

GOD my Father show thy PITY,
I the FIRST to ever SIN:
Tempting Man, Me CRUEL Woman,
To Realize I now Begin:
Evil Spirits cast from within me,
Make me Pure and White as Snow;
Faith and Love Obedient Ever,
Heavenwards my Pleadings go.

Hoodwinked no more but now enlight-
ened,
MANIFEST thyself to me;
The Leasing Spirits now Removing,
Thou who sendeth CHARITY:
Let me feel I'm not Forsaken,
By my FATHER up on High;
Who will Save Me in due season,
The Second Death, dont let me DIE.

THE POET'S PRAYER

Change my Prayers, Oh Heavenly
Father,

Look down at me from far above;
Teach, OH teach me, hear my
pleadings,

Fill my Heart, with FAITH AND
LOVE:

Change my prayers, OH My RE-
DEEMER,

On the Cross you died for all;
Me a SINNER, don't FORSAKE Me,
SAVE ME! LIFT ME! ere I Fall.

Change my prayers, my Heart's
Appealing,

Let THY MERCY fall on me
Grant FORGIVENESS, to a Sinner,
In DISTRESS. Ah yes I be:

Let One Ray of LIGHT from Heaven,
SHINE for me, from far above;

Sent to me, from GOD THE FATHER,
Teach me to have FAITH AND
LOVE.

—From the Poet's Sermon in Verse.

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